

a stir, a snapping and crushing of boughs, and the rush of thundering hoofs.

How I know not, but I slipped from my horse, and crept to the heart of the coppice, where I lay with my hands pressed over my ears till all was passed.

It was not long. A thundering cry, "St. Andrew for Altrith," a shock of meeting horses, a heavy fall, then silence, save for the beat of the horse-hoofs echoing in the distance.

There he lay, face downward, close beside the brook. A little stream of dark red coiled out from under him. The hawk struggled for a while and at last worked himself free and went sailing away to the blue sky. The silver satiate bubbling of the brook was woven like a thread into the silence.

HENRIK IBSEN.

Realism is a protest against lies.

Now the first thing to be noted is that we have no realism in England or America. Moreover, nowhere has the movement been attacked with such a mixture of violence and sanctimony as here. The creative power of the movement seems to be confined to Russia, France, Denmark, and Norway. The popular critical accompaniment—God save the mark—does not seem to have spread much beyond our own shores. I have a few observations to make on the Scandinavian phase of the movement, as represented specially by Henrik Ibsen.

Henrik Ibsen and Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson in Norway, together with Holger Drachman and George Brandes in Denmark, form a group united by common beliefs and common hopes. The first three members of this group represent the creative powers of the movement which they stand for. To George Brandes has fallen the more thankless task of defending the work of his colleagues, together with the work of Zola, Flaubert, and the French school as a whole, on esthetic, moral, and philosophical grounds. That the men are united by strong ties of friendship and esteem is proved by numerous expressions of regard in the body of their writings.

Henrik Ibsen lives in the popular American consciousness as a man with a fierce, unsympathetic countenance, bordered by a fringe of unruly hair and beard. Moreover, he, equally with Zola, has had ability enough to write "bad books." What more is needed to antagonize a respectable American community, especially if what he says is true? Nevertheless, the conception is correct. Henrik Ibsen is such a man. But there was a time when he was not fierce and unsympathetic. I have a picture before me, made when he was in his twenties, which tells a very different story. This shows me a face saddened by the worldliness and materialism of the life that he found in Norway in the sixties. It shows me a man with courage enough to tell the truth, but without the experience of what it means to have courage to tell the truth. It shows a man of a frank and open nature, intensely and furiously honest, and without the experience of what it means to be intensely honest in this day and generation. He was a man of ideals, but of a disposition to withdraw into himself—the only place where he found his ideals existed. He was a man with an intense craving for sympathy—which he never got. He was a man that had the misfortune to *know* certain truths and be unable to prove them—an unpardonable offence. He was a man that felt the stirrings of genius; but then that is something people can never understand. The change denoted by the two pictures is the common lot of genius of the Gothic cast.

Great men are called great because they possess the power to perceive truth. Ibsen will be called great because he possesses the power to perceive lies. Certainly his field is much the broader, and much less cultivated. Of all the old conventional lies that have come down to us through the centuries, none might hope to escape the scrutiny of his furious honesty. Nor was he a man that hesitated to announce his discoveries to the world. But he made his mistake in supposing that a lie was something foul, something that would be thrown away in disgust if only